

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1873.

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5 "	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00
6 "	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00
7 "	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00
8 "	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00
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EVERY VARIETY OF JOB PRINTING
PROPERLY EXECUTED.

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HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-
terian Church.
Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 4 to 7 P. M.

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SURVEYOR:
OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.,
Opposite the Railroad Depot.
STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all
kinds. Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT
DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE,
Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,

PRACTICAL PAINTER,
SIGN-WRITING,
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,
GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.
Corner Linden and Thomas streets,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
All orders promptly executed.

R. LEWIS,

Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, ex-
ecutes repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Fancy Articles with neatness and dispatch.
RAILROAD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD.

SAMUEL CARL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,
Keeps constantly on hand
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
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Furniture and Piano MOVED WITH CARE. Also gen-
eral TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JAMES ALBINSON,

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MYRTLE STREET,
Near Watessing Depot,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
RAILROAD AVENUE,
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Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,
Bloomfield,
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THEODORE CADMUS,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.
All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.
Residence, Thomas street. Shop, State street, near
Liberty.
BLOOMFIELD,
NEW JERSEY.

R. D. BROWER,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.
WATESSING DEPOT,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

Miscellany.

A HEART SONG.

Heart thou a song, O singer of mine,
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like a bird's song, like a bird's song,
Tressed in a vineyard far apart.
One that was caught in flying by—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the voice of a bird on branches high,
Deep in a forest, far apart.
One that has come like morning air—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the breath of a kiss on the brow of care,
Blessing a life that dwells apart.
Sing me that song, O singer of mine,
That little song to cheer my heart;
Whisper it light as a word divine
Unto a watcher far apart.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A good operation—no operation.

"The rest of the work"—Sunday.

For a wedding song—love knot.

An unpleasant ration—Botheration.

Twins, like misfortunes, never come singly.

It is said that there never was an honest redoubt; he is always a robin.

The best way to improve the lot woman is to put a house on it and a good man in the house.

"Next to a cigar," said a celebrated Frenchman, "there is nothing so directly related to the soul as coffee."

Why did not George Washington's sister go with him to cut the cherry tree?—Because she had not got her little hat yet.

A Western paper announces "another poisoning case on the carpet." Under the circumstances we should rather say "the drug-get."

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made," as the psalmist says, and so it is, for we are made of such materials that we can be made of anything.

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Josh Billings gives the following advice to young men: "Don't be discouraged if yet friend as they were looking at the skeleton of a donkey."

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THAT ENGINEER.

MARY HARTWELL.

"Now, George," said mother, "when you run into Chicago to-day, I don't want you to forget that lamb's-wool. Them storekeepers'll try to put you off, and say they don't have no such goods on hand this time o' year, but I want to follow 'em up, and get it, for I want to go right to knittin' your socks for next winter. There's nothing so good for men's socks as fine, hard-spun lamb's-wool."

"Not even yak, mother?" asked George mischievously, as he snatched up his hat and belongings, as if the alarm of fire had been sounded.

"I don't know nothin' about yak. That may do for women's wear, but for men's, there's nothin' like hard-spun lamb's-wool."

"I'll remember," promised George, fully primed and charged. "Now, good bye, home on time at nine."

The old woman's cheek had a flush like winter apples. George took a lasty nip at it—he always did when he started on his trips—looked at her with his big, cherishing eyes, received a mother's unspeakable reply, and dashed off to his engine.

It was a little after sunrise. His boots rang along the pavement, and his whistle rang along the breeze. George was hand-some and strong, as twenty-two has a right to be. He wore a blouse instead of a business coat; and that great, fresh, daisy rose—his face—would soon be coated with the locomotive's breath. But he was a whole-some, splendid man.

Perhaps Jennie thought so. She was sweeping the front steps of her paternal mansion as he passed. Her hair was gathered atop her head in a curly coil, some crinkles of it just dropping over her forehead. The sleeves were pushed back from the pink, round arms—for women, as well as men, when they go to work with a will, begin like a pugilist. Jennie had her morning complexion on. As her eye met George's, she puts on an additional morning-complexion.

George touched his hat, Jennie bent her head shyly. The young man squared his shoulders and walked on like a brigadier-general.

"That's a nice girl," he communicated to his sleeve. "Mother thinks a heap of her. She's got more sense than half of 'em, mother says. Mother says she's uncommon pretty, too."

These opinions of mother's so edified him that he had not gotten Jennie out of his head when he leaped on his engine. But I suspect, if mother's verdict had been against her, he would have stood her lawyer. He was only making mother compliment his choice. He was skulking behind mother! For some young men are shy!

While he and his iron horse, and his row of baggage-car and passenger coaches rushed across the land that hot day, nobody looked in the engine-cab for romance; yet there the fire of the world was glowing under a dark blouse. Nobody looked into it for integrity and worth; yet there stood six feet of integrity and worth, which had come up to manhood through thick and thin, and had carried his mother to comfort, and which he had kept like his birthright. Neither did anybody look in that cab for heroism; but it was there, potent and still, like electricity in a cloud. Ah, my countrymen are capable of some things! As for locomotive-engineers, I suppose there are men not of the best among them—as among persons—but the deeds of some, do speak for them. Now when one's mind has run in one channel for a length of time—or I might say, a more appropriate figure, when a train has gone over a great deal of road, some results are generally arrived at.

So it came to pass, when George dashed up steep in Chicago after his mother's lamb's-wool, while his engine cooled, and the train was being made for the home trip, that he leaped into a jeweler's store, and asked sleepily to see some rings.

"Rings, eh?" murmured the salesman, looking amiably at the man of soot. For Chicago isn't afraid of coal-smoke. The men who bring her the dollars do not always commit elaborate toilet.

"Rings," emphasized George, "and don't be afraid of your high-priced ones, with stones in 'em."

"If I give her one," in the parenthesis of his sleeve, "I want it to be a ring that'll last and always be fine and handsome, and to go down in the family, like no other."

Diamonds, emeralds, opals, pearls were flashed in his face, but still his fingers went seeking.

"What's this?" he asked, picking up a small, strong circle, with amethysts set around it. "Looks like a grape, sort of, like the sun shines through it."

"That? Oh, those are amethysts. Not as expensive as these jewels, but a very nice, first stone."

This suits me," observed George, diving for his wallet. "This is what I am looking for."

He paid for it, and darted out to hail a paing horse car, tucking that little morose

A Marvelous Piece of Mechanism.

Karl Ketter, a poor German miner of the Excelsior Colliery, has exhibited a clock during the past week of a most remarkable character. He has been three years constructing it—the first two years at intervals of time, and the last year worked at it day and night, scarcely taking time enough to eat and sleep.

He became almost a monomaniac on the subject. The clock was in his mind during his waking hours and in his dreams at night. He occupied alone a small wooden shanty, where he worked, slept, and cooked his food. Whatever sleeping and cooking he did, however, was but little. It is thought he would have nearly starved but for the kindly interest which his neighbors took in him and his clock. They took him food and encouraged him in his labors.

The clock which was made with no other tools than two common jackknives, is eight feet high and four feet broad. Its frame is of the Gothic style of architecture. It has sixteen sides, and surmounted by a globe, on the top of which is attached a small golden cross. On the front of the clock there are four dial plates; one shows the day of the month, another shows the minutes and fractions of a minute, and the other the hour of the day. These dials are carved in a most unique manner, having emblematic figures upon them and around them of almost every imaginable description. Above the dial plates is a semicircular gallery extending around about half the width of the framework of the clock. Immediately in front, in the centre of this semicircular gallery, is a carved wooden figure of our Saviour.

At the ends of the gallery on either side there is a small door opening into the body of the clock. Over the door, on the right hand side of the clock, as you stand facing it, is an eagle. Over the door on the left hand side is a cock. Twice a day—that is at 12:05 in the day and 12:05 at night—a sweet chime of bells begins to play, the small door on the right hand side opens, and the small wooden figures, admirably carved, of the twelve Apostles, appear and walk out slowly and gravely in procession, Peter in the lead. Advancing along the gallery until they get opposite the figure of Jesus, each in turn, except Judas, slowly turns round and bows his head to the Master, then recovers his position; as Peter advances to the other side of the gallery and enter the small door on the left. As Judas (who is in the rear), with his right hand shielding his face and his left hand clasping the bag which is supposed to contain the 30 pieces of silver, comes in full view of the clock, the cock crows again. By a simple arrangement this procession can be made to come out and pass around the gallery at any time desired.

On pedestals, at the extreme corners of the front of the clock, are carved wooden statues of Moses and Elias. In the rear are two obelisks of the Egyptian style, upon which are carved hieroglyphic characters to represent the ancient periods of the world's history. The clock will run 32 hours without winding. Mr. Ketter, who is a native of Freiberg, in Baden, is very proud of his workmanship. He can scarcely bear to be away from it long enough to eat his meals. He has been offered \$10,000 for it by a person from New York, but he refused it.

Mr. Ketter says he has often heard of the celebrated clock in Strasburg, but he never saw it, and he has no knowledge of how it was constructed; neither has he ever had any instruction in mechanics of any kind. His purpose is to exhibit it for a few months in this country, and then take it with him to Germany.

The Teton Peaks.

It is stated in official dispatches recently received in Washington, concerning Hayden's geological survey of the Territories, that the surveying party starting from Ogden, Utah, surveyed a route to Fort Hall, and there made the necessary preparations for a pack-train up the unknown regions of the Upper Snake Valley. The range of the Three Tetons was carefully mapped. Immense masses of snow and lakes of ice were found on its sides, and abundant signs of modern glacial action. At certain seasons of the year, usually in August and September, the air is filled to a great height with grasshoppers flying in every direction. They sometimes rise to the height of several thousand feet. As they passed over this Teton Range they became chilled, and dropped in the snow and ice in vast numbers, and gradually melted the snow so that myriads of little holes which they formed gave to the surface a peculiar roughness. It was due to this fact that Messrs. Stevenson and Longford were able to cling to the almost vertical icy sides of the peak, and complete the ascent. They found the elevation to be 13,858 feet above the sea, thus entitling it to rank among the monarch peaks of the Continent. Yet, at the summit of this there were indications that human beings had made the ascent at some period in the past. On the tops of the Grand Teton, and for 300 feet below, are great quantities of granite blocks or slabs of different sizes. These blocks had been placed on end, forming a breastwork about three feet high, inclosing a circular space six or seven feet in diameter; and while on the surrounding rock there is not a particle of dust, or sand, the bottom of this inclosure is covered with a bed of minute particles of granite not larger than grains of common sand, nearly a foot in depth, which must have been worn by the elements from the vertical blocks. There was every appearance that these granite slabs had been placed in their present position by the Indians, as a protection from the wind many centuries ago.



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